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# Masks and Secrets



## Chapter 1 by lightningstrikeshannah (I'm back!)

A woman in a veil played the piano softly, while other women sat in stiff wooden chairs around her and listened.

After the song had finished, the women who had been listening grabbed the pianist and forced her out into the hallway. Her whispered pleas echoed through the house, but it didn't matter.

As the women shoved the pianist into the dark room, she began to sob as they closed the door and locked it.

## Chapter 2 by R



They all wear porcelain masks and long dresses of pure white silk, and they move stiffly but smoothly. You'd think them to be automatons if it weren't for the exposed skin of their arms.

Their number changes, always a different group of women, maybe, or perhaps some of them come and leave. They grab her out of the room to give her food, watching her through the pitch black eyes of the mask.

There is a dinner party, or maybe not dinner, per se. There are no windows to tell the time, and no clocks.

The pianist sits in the center, carefully eating. The food makes her dizzy, but so would starvation.

Then they sit back in front of the TV and watch the show. And there the story ends.  
The endings are never the same. See more of Story Wars

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## Chapter 3 by TP



They had eyes like no other. Their focus was not on the woman herself, but something beyond her presence. It was like they had seen something that is yet to be discovered.

Every so often a bird call could be heard in the distance. The pianist would quickly turn her attention to the harmonious sound, but it soon vanished. The women would shake their heads in disgust. They despised anything with the desire to be free.

There was no escape.

## Chapter 4 by Broken Doll



Every day was like the next. The only thing different would be when she would be let out of the darkness the masked women trapped her in. She hadn't showered in days and couldn't even remember the sun's sweet kiss on her skin. After awhile she began to think everything was all a dream, an illusion.

Finally the door creaked open and she found the same masked faces. They grabbed her scrawny arms and threw her in the same room. Though this time the piano was gone, along with the chairs they would use. Nothing made sense and her eyes still weren't use to the room. The room was a pure crystal white, the brightness blinded her. She could hear not one but two birds in the distance. Though that's not what she should be focused on. The question swirling around in her head was, "Where is the piano?"

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